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Legends of St. Cecilia.

BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

I saw thee in Bologna's halls,
By Raphael's art portrayed,
Let drop the charming instruments
Thy skilful hand had played,
Listening to music more divine
Than man had ever made.

I loved that lifted, raptured face ;
Loved what that scene expressed ;
For sure the symphonies of heaven
Must ever be the best,
And there come strains from upper air
To every hearkening breast.

But there's another mystic tale,
Not told in magic paint ;
It rises on my heart in tints
Not meaningless, nor faint,
And brings me closer to thy side,
Cecilia, minstrel saint !

She holds a bunch of flowers aloft,
Richer than earth's can be ;
And none but the believing eye
Those matchless blooms can see ;
She turns her face to mine, and thus
She cheers and counsels me :

"The world is full of fragrant gifts,
Which sensual eyes can ne'er discern ;
But Faith the envious veil uplifts,
And man his truest vision then may learn.
Faith sees the flowers.

"The air is full of odors fine,
Which coarsest senses cannot miss ;
And yet there needs a touch divine
To trace their source, or to receive their bliss ;—
Faith sees the flowers.

"But there are weeds and thorny ground,
And vapors foul swoop from the sky ;
And when you ask where Hope is found,
Or why these noisome, sad distempers,—why ?
Faith still sees flowers.

"When grief is choking at the throat,
And fear is knocking at the heart,
And shattering thoughts the brain have smote
And loss, disaster, pain, inflict their smart,—
Faith sees the flowers ;

"And when the powers and senses fail,
The end of earth now close at hand,
The flush of life all deathly pale,—
Faith, in the gardens of the better land
Shall see the flowers.

—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

The Songs of Robert Franz.

[From ROBERT SCHUMANN'S "Collected Writings" we translate the following notice of the set of twelve songs (Op. 1.) with which FRANZ began his remarkable career as a song composer.]

About the songs of Robert Franz much may be said. They are no isolated appearance, and they stand in intimate connection with the whole development of our art during the last ten years. [This was written during, or shortly after, the year 1843.] It is well known, that from the

year 1830 to 1834 a reaction arose against the reigning taste. The contest was in fact not difficult; it was a war against that commonplace ornamental style, which, with a few exceptions like Weber, Löwe and others, prevailed in all kinds of music, especially piano music. The attack began with piano music; in the place of pieces of mere passage work came pictures that were more full of thoughts; in which the influence of two masters was especially remarkable, that of Beethoven and of Bach. The number of disciples increased; the new life penetrated also into other departments. For the Song, Schubert had already labored as a pioneer, but more in the manner of Beethoven; while, on the other hand, in the production of the North Germans the influence of the Bach spirit manifested itself. To further this development, a new school of German poetry unfolded itself at the same time: Rückert and Eichendorff, although their bloom dates somewhat earlier, became more intimately known among musicians; but most of all Uhland and Heine were composed. Thus arose that more artistic and more deep-souled kind of song, of which their predecessors could of course know nothing, since it was only the new poetic spirit that reflected itself in music.

The songs of Robert Franz belong entirely to this noble new direction. This manufacturing of songs by the gross, which recites any bungler's poem with the same satisfaction as one of Rückert's, begins to be valued at its proper worth; and if the common public do not perceive the progress, to the better public it has long been clear. And in reality perhaps the Song is the only kind of music in which any important progress has been made since Beethoven. Compare, for example, in the songs before us, the careful conception of the subject, which would fain reproduce the thoughts of the poem even to the very word, with the negligence of the older treatment, where the poem merely ran along by the side of the music; compare the whole out-build here with the slovenly forms of accompaniment, of which the former time could not rid itself:—and only narrow minds can see the contrary.

In what has just been said the characteristic quality of Robert Franz's songs is already expressed; he would give us more than good or bad sounding music, he would reproduce to us the poem in its depth and to the life. In the quiet, dreamy element he succeeds best; yet we find also some things charmingly naïve, such as the first song ("Ihr Auge," or Burns's "Blue-eyed Lassie"); and then the "Tanzlied in Mai" (Dance Song in May); and more spirited ebullitions, as in some of the songs from Burns.

This double set of songs awakens a succession of the most various images and feelings; a somewhat melancholy would fain steal in through all the rest. These songs for their delivery require singers, poets, men; but they may best be sung alone, and then about the evening hour.

Some few details offend my ear, such as the

beginning of the 7th and 12th songs ("Sonntag" and "In meinem Garten die Nelken"); for instance, the oft recurring *E natural* in the last. One of them, the 7th, I could wish entirely left out of the collection; it seems to me in melody and harmony too far-fetched. All that remains is interesting, significant, and often singularly beautiful. To the "Slumber Song" of Tieck I could wish a more musically rich conclusion; but in spite of this it is one of the most felicitous.—Were one to begin citing individual fine traits, there would be no end; persons who are deeply and truly musical will find them out themselves.

These songs then are distinct enough from others. But one, who has made such a beginning, must not wonder if the future makes still higher claims on him. Successes in small *genres* often lead to one-sidedness, to mannerism. Let the young artist defend himself against that by seizing hold of new Art forms; let him try to express his rich inward wealth in other ways than through the voice. Our sympathy will surely follow him throughout.

Broadwood & Sons' Pianofortes.*

[In the following "Historical Introduction," taken from the pamphlet whose full title will be found in the foot-note below, the Messrs. Broadwood & Sons have made a valuable contribution to the history of the Piano Forte.

Before entering upon a technical description of the instruments, and organic parts of instruments representing the mechanical, musical, and ornamental features of our work, which at the second International Exhibition we have the honor to offer, as the results of considerably more than a century's experience, we may, perhaps, be allowed to trace, step by step, in as few sentences as the subject will permit, the progress of our firm in the art of manufacturing that particular structure, which now, in its advanced state of perfection, is recognized all over the civilized world under the name of Grand Pianoforte. The mere personal records of our house would naturally possess but little interest for the public generally; but those who care to learn how the ancient Harpsichord, with its thin wires and tinkling sound, has expanded, by degrees, into the splendid instrument now in general use, and, with musicians, in such universal esteem—how, in short, the Grand Pianoforte has attained its present comprehensive character, both with regard to "action" and to "tone"—may not be unprepared to accord a few minutes' attention to an account of the means by which an establishment, perhaps, among European houses, not the least enterprising, has done its part in expediting the desired progress.

As preliminary, it may be mentioned that, in 1732, Burkhardt Tschudi † came to London, established himself at No. 33, Great Pulteney Street, and was appointed harpsichord-maker to the court of George II.; and that, at the death of Tschudi (in 1773), John Broadwood, who had married one of his daughters, succeeded to the business. In 1838, James Shudi Broadwood, son and successor to the said John Broadwood, virtual founder of our house, occupied his leisure hours by compiling some notes relative to the history of piano-manufacture, from the early harpsichord to the grand pianoforte, at the stage of comparative perfection, which, in his day, the latter had already reached. A condensed version of these notes, together with such additions and comments as they may occasionally suggest,

will fill the larger portions of the succeeding pages.

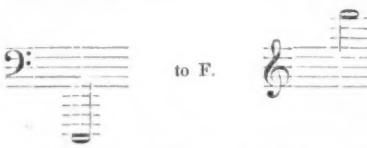
The harpsichords made in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were chiefly imported from Antwerp, the manufacturers being John and Andrew Ruckers. At the end of the last century many of these instruments, in thorough preservation, still existed in London, bearing dates from 1569 to 1620. They were in japanned or painted cases, with gilded ornaments, and emblematic devices under the covers. Their tone was sweet and silvery, their mechanism simple. Two strings were tuned in unison, while a third—attached to a separate bridge on the sounding board—was tuned an octave above. In three pieces of wood (technically denominated "jacks") were inserted quills, resting on one and the same key, the key, when pressed down, causing the strings to be "twanged" by the quills, and producing the combined sound of unisons and octaves. These harpsichords had generally two rows of keys, the upper row communicating merely with a single unison string, the lower with the three strings simultaneously—the only method at that time invented for augmenting and diminishing, *ad libitum*, the volume of tone.

The first who made harpsichords in London was supposed to be a Fleming of the name of Tabel, who had practised at Antwerp with the successors of Ruckers, and resided in England between 1680 and 1720. To this Tabel were apprenticed Jacob Kirkman, a German, and Burkhardt Tschudi, a Swiss, who, at the decease of their patron, established two manufactories—Kirkman, one in Broad-street, Golden square; and Tschudi (now writing his name Shudi), one in Great-Pulteney-street, at the house subsequently occupied by his immediate successor John Broadwood, and at the present time by the said John Broadwood's grandsons, actual representatives of the firm. Both Jacob Kirkman and Shudi did much towards the improvement of the harpsichord, the chief aim of the latter, however, being to carry out those principles which the Ruckers had given to their instruments that peculiarly free vibration and silvery tone for which they were renowned. A mechanical appliance was invented about 1750, by means of which a diminution of two-thirds of the full force of the instrument could be obtained at the discretion of the performer; but it was not till 1770, when John Broadwood patented his so-called "Venetian Swell" which gave to the foot of the player a power of modifying the intensity of tone somewhat similar to that appertaining to the swell of the organ—that any intermediate variety was obtained. Many amateurs and professors of the pianoforte will doubtless remember the performances of Herr Moscheles, in 1837, at the Hanover-Square Rooms and elsewhere, on a grand harpsichord, made by Burkhardt Shudi in 1761, to which the "Venetian Swell" of John Broadwood was attached. This instrument, and another—inscribed "Burkhardt Shudi e Johannes Broadwood, 1773"** both in excellent preservation, may still be seen at our manufactory in Great Pulteney-street.

For many years Kirkman carried all before him in London, as harpsichord-maker, Burkhardt Shudi being somewhat too independent and unaccommodating to make his way so readily. A powerful friend, however, a constant guest at his table, and a staunch admirer of his instruments—no other than the immortal Handel himself—stood the latter in good stead; and chiefly through the patronage of that great man, Shudi's business gradually began to increase, and soon became considerable. His fame as a manufacturer ultimately spread over the continent; and a picture (in our possession) attributed to Zoffany, represents him tuning a grand harpsichord, which he actually sent over to Berlin as a present to Frederick the Great, just after the battle of Prague (Shudi being himself a zealous upholder of the protestant cause in Germany, and believing that the King of Prussia was one of its most earnest and powerful champions). The *Schweizerische Lexicon* (see note to page 8) gives 1765 as the date of the instrument forwarded to Frede-

rick the Great, but the family tradition is not likely to be unfounded, and as the battle of Prague was fought in 1757, the date is evidently erroneous. For 1765 read 1758. Ten or twelve years ago, the harpsichord sent as a present to the king was still at Potsdam, together with some original Silbermann pianofortes, small oblong "squares" developed from the old spinet, just as the grand pianoforte, to which the German title "*Flügel*" has descended, was, as will presently be shown, developed from the grand harpsichord. The German square is denominated *Tafelformat*, "table-shape." Near the middle of the eighteenth century, others took to the business of harpsichord-making in London; but all—including Baker Harris, Faulkner, and the rest—were, more or less, imitators of Kirkman and Shudi. Baker Harris was especially fortunate with the spinet, a kind of diminutive harpsichord.

From the spinets came the square pianoforte, at one time generally in use, at present—for evident reasons (being as unsightly in frame as it is, and must inevitably remain, meagre, and otherwise unsatisfactory in tone)—going out of fashion. The first square pianoforte ever seen in this country was brought over from Germany, by a well-known harpsichord-maker, named John Zumpe, about 1768 or 1769. Specimens of these instruments were multiplied by Zumpe, on his return to England, after a visit to his relations in Germany; but his principal object—notwithstanding the new mechanism, which pointed towards material progress—was still to imitate the tone of the harpsichord. The origin of the name "pianoforte" (or, as it was first styled, "Forte-piano") is derived from Zumpe's instruments, the construction of which differed essentially from that of the harpsichord—the uniform and unmodifiable "twang" of the "plectrum" being replaced by a device of percussion, in the shape of a "hammer," which, however rude in its appliance, for the first time enabled the performer to play loud and soft, at discretion. Notwithstanding this advantage, however, the square pianoforte, and even its subsequently illustrious and usurping cousin, the "Grand," were for a long period regarded as of so little importance by musicians, that the half of the lower bass octave which—ordinarily embracing five octaves and a half from C:—



was considered indispensable to the harpsichord, used to be altogether omitted, the scale almost universally adopted for the instrument being five octaves—F to F. When, some time later, John Broadwood applied a thicker covering of leather to the hammers of the "Square," through which means a softer and sweeter tone was produced—so fixed was the prejudice in favor of the crisp, wiry sound of the harpsichord, that the most practised players of the day condemned the innovation, pronouncing the new tone "wooden, flat, and dull." Contemporary makers, however, enlarging the dimensions of the pianoforte, gradually enriched its tone. But the most striking improvement at that period was furnished by John Broadwood, whose "brass dampers" and "new modeling" (for which he took out a patent) laid the foundation of a complete and salutary revolution in the mechanical construction of the instrument. The "brass dampers" have long gone into disuse; but the "new modeling" has been since adopted by all the most noted European manufacturers.

Meanwhile, the grand pianoforte (to which, further on, we shall more directly allude) had come into vogue; and much of its brilliancy was attributable to the extra keys, which (at the suggestion of his friend, J. L. Dussek) John Broadwood had introduced. This invention was greedily seized on by the manufacturers of the "square"; but, unhappily, what in the instance

of the "grand" (owing to its wide scope and particular conformation) was a manifest advantage, in the comparatively diminutive "square" was as manifest a deterioration, only partially remedied when one William Southwell (of Dublin) increased the dimensions of the "sounding board," and invented the "damper," since in general use. To this William Southwell we owe the "vertical" or "cabinet" pianoforte, constructed after a sketch presented to him by James Shudi Broadwood, in 1804. To Broadwood's sketch, and Southwell's application of it, all the modern upright pianofortes, both of foreign and English manufacture, are mainly indebted; and although at the time, Southwell could not succeed in disposing of the patent he had taken out, the new instrument, partly owing to its peculiar quality of tone, partly, when compared with the square, to its superior advantages as a piece of furniture for a drawing room—obtained universal favor, "bidding fair" (employing the precise words of James Shudi Broadwood), "to generally supersede the present small or square pianoforte"—a prediction triumphantly verified by the subsequent popularity of the earlier oblique, as well as vertical-stringed "cottages," of which (among others) the long-defunct houses of Tomkinson and Wilkinson produced such generally admired specimens.

(To be continued).

* INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862. List of Pianofortes, and of various samples and models, intended to illustrate the principles of their manufacture, exhibited by Messrs. BROADWOOD & SONS, London, with an historical introduction, explanatory remarks and illustrative plates and diagrams.

† The supplement to the *Schweizerische Lexicon* (Zurich, 1795), in a general account of the Tschudi (originally a noble Swiss family), contains the following about Burkhardt, or Burkhard. Tschudi: "From the Schwanden branch also descended Burkhardt (Tschudi), a poor journeyman cabinet maker, who came to England and became famous at the Court in London as a harpsichord maker. Among other beautiful things, he made for the king of Prussia, in 1765, an elegant harpsichord with two manuals. Burkhardt Tschudi married in London, where he died in 1773." The harpsichord mentioned in the above extract was, not many years since, in the palace at Potsdam, where, in all probability, it still remains. After working for a time with Tabel (an esteemed pupil of the celebrated Ruckers) Burkhardt Tschudi (in 1782) established himself as a manufacturer, at 33, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, the business-residence of the present firm of John Broadwood & Sons.

‡ John (Jean, or Hans) Ruckers, the most renowned of the ancient manufacturers of the *clavescin*, harpsichord, or spinet (épinette), lived at Antwerp at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. A son—Andrew (André), born at Antwerp, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and who lived till about 1670—made great improvements on his father's work, both as regards tone and finish. The most celebrated Flemish painters used to ornament the instruments of Andrew Ruckers with devices, the value of which was esteemed so highly that when the pianoforte had thrown the harpsichord into disuse, many of the finest specimens were destroyed for the sake of the panels. About 1750, a good harpsichord of Ruckers used to fetch as much as 3,000 francs (£120). Handel's harpsichord, now in possession of our house, was made by Andrew Ruckers, in 1651.

§ As early as 1732.

|| Of works by Domenico Scarlatti, and other old masters.

¶ The identical instrument played upon by Herr Ernst Pauer, this year, at his recent concerts (in Willis's Rooms), in illustration of the History of Pianoforte Composition.

** Broadwood married Shudi's daughter in 1769; and, at the death of the latter (in 1773), entered into partnership with the son and successor, who styled himself Burkhardt Shudi.

†† The Pianofortes manufactured by Silbermann (of Freiburg) pleased Frederick the Great so much that he resolved to buy them all up at once, and was soon in possession of fifteen of them. Upon every one of these the celebrated John Sebastian Bach was invited to play, when (in 1747 at Potsdam—three years before his death)—at the request of Charles Philip Emanuel Bach, who had been for some years in the Royal service—he paid his first and last visit to the King. It was here that Bach received from the King the subject for a fugue, which was subsequently amplified into an elaborate piece, entitled *Musicalesches Opfer* ("Musical Offering"), and dedicated to His Majesty. A detailed and interesting account of this is given by Bach's biographer, J. N. Forkel, who adds that (even in his time) the whole of Silbermann's pianofortes remained in the palace, unfit for use.

The French *Piano à queue*, like the German *Flügel*, or "wing-instrument" equivalent to the English "Grand" and the French *Piano carré*, like the German *Tafel-format*, or "Table-form" equivalent to the English "Square," were gradually developed from these instruments—not by Frenchmen, but by the apprentices and followers of Silbermann, at Strasburg and Freiburg—to which fact the Alsatian Ehrhardt (Erard) and Pleyel, the German Hera, &c., bear witness.

‡‡ In some imperfect remains of old books connected with the transactions of our house, we find allusions to a small F F (five octave) Square Pianoforte, dated 1760.

§§ Beyer, Buntebart and Schöne (all Germans as may be guessed from their names.)

¶¶ A device by which the wrest (or tuning) pins were placed at the further extremity of the keys, instead of, as before, in a block to the right of the sounding-board—a modification of the first importance, whether its influence upon the tone of the instrument or its capacity for keeping it *in tune* be taken into consideration.

¶¶¶ Born at Czasiaw (Bohemia), Feb. 9, 1761; died at St. German-en-Laye (near Paris), March 20, 1812.

*** The upright grand pianofortes, which had existed many years in advance of this, were merely instruments erected vertically on a box with four legs. The upright "Cabinet" of Southwell differed from these in certain mechanical arrangements, unnecessary here to describe.

A Catalogue of Great Composers.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites. For my part,
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them: nor for Handel.
Cannot a man live free and easy,
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or thro' the world with comfort go,
That never heard of Doctor Blow?
So help me heaven! I hardly have;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of stave or crotchet
Than did the primitive Peruvians,
Or those old ante-queer diluvians
That lived in the un-washed world with Tubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,
Found out, t' his great surprise, the gamut.
I care no more for Cimarosa
Than he did for Salvator Rosa,
Being no painter: and bad luck
Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.
Old Tycho Brahe and modern Herschel
Had something in 'em; but who's Purcell?
The devil with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
And, if the bargain does not suit,
I'll throw him Weber in, to boot.
There's not the splitting of a splinter
To choose 'twixt him last named and Winter.
Of Doctor Pepusch, old Queen Dido
Knew just as much, Heaven knows, as I do.
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach—(or Batch—which is it?)
No more I would for Bononcini.
As for Novello and Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living—so I leave 'em!

English Vocalists.

I. MR. BARTLEMAN.

James Bartleman, the finest and most intellectual bass-singer of his own, or indeed, any other time, was educated as a chorister in St. Peter's, Westminster, under the celebrated Dr. Cooke, and maintained his place before the public in the Ancient and Vocal Concerts, of which latter he was, together with Messrs. Knyvett, Harrison, Vaughan, and Greatorex (the conductor), one of the original proprietors, as well as at the Lent oratorios, and all private concerts, for a period of nearly thirty years. Bartleman was a man of an original and enthusiastic cast of mind, which undoubtedly would have enabled him to excel in any walk of art he undertook. By his powerful talent he contributed to keep alive the passion for Purcell's and Handel's music, which at that time, together with the great Italian masters, Pergolesi, Jomelli, &c., almost exclusively enjoyed the favor of the musical public. With a low baritone voice not of great power, not remarkable either for sweetness or roundness of tone, this highly-gifted singer produced effects by mental energy and a just conception of the characters he for the time represented in his songs, that made a lasting impression upon his auditors. His style was at once bold, commanding, and illuminated whatever it glanced upon. With a fancy lively to an extreme degree, and a chastened temperance which he derived from his education in the church, the dramatic effect, visible in all his efforts, was refined and rendered fit for the more polished singing of the chamber and concert room. The songs he made his own were, "O ruddier than the cherry" in *Acis and Galatea*, which before he sung it was always considered a rude and unmanageable composition; those who had the good fortune to hear him, cannot, even at this distance of time, (1838) forget the highly dramatic and spirited manner in which he delivered that remarkable song. "Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed," was another of his *chef-d'oeuvres*; here the magnificent

conception of his author kept alive the interest to the very last note of the song. But, perhaps, his greatest triumph was in Purcell's music; the enormously difficult phrases in "Let the dreadful engines of eternal will" he so alternately elevated and subdued, according to the sentiment so powerfully embodied by our native composer, blending the several gradations of passion with delicacy and precision, while, at the same time, his whole strength was tasked to the utmost that the effect upon the auditor, it is no exaggeration to say, was perfectly astounding.

The frost scene in *King Arthur* was another of those pieces in which his just and bold conception of the dramatic effect which ought to attend the Cold Genius—

"Rising unwillingly and slow,
From beds of everlasting snow."

produced a freezing sensation on the hearer. His tremulous tones seemed actually to issue from some ice-bound cavern, where lay the shivering, slumbering Genius. If Bartleman had sung this on the stage, it would have been referred to as one of those efforts of his art that would have taken rank with Pasta's personification of *Medea*; for no one who knew him could doubt that his acting would have been as fine as his singing.

Dr. Calcott, one of the first glee writers of his day, was a personal friend of Bartleman, and wrote for him "Angel of life," "These as they change," and one or two other songs now forgotten, which, in his hands, retained their places in public estimation for many years. The glee "Peace to the souls of the heroes," "Who comes so dark," "Red cross knight," all owed their great success principally to Bartleman's singing; although due merit must be accorded to the vocal party who constantly sang with him, and contributed to the unity of effect so indispensable to this style of vocal composition, as yet unrivaled by foreign composers. Horsley's fine glee, "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue," was another of this mentally-gifted singer's favorite specimens, exhibiting the power obtained by superior reading of his poetry. For him Stevens composed "Some of my heroes are low," a work conceived in the true Ossianic spirit of the poem.

There is another fine glee now seldom or never heard, "Mona on Snowdon calls," written by Dr. Crotch, in which both expression and effect were considerably enhanced by the superior style in which Bartleman led the principal bass part.

As, in point of science, few singers ever attained to the knowledge he possessed of the business of an orchestra, in drilling and training the vocalists for the madrigals and other full vocal pieces, then forming the principal attraction as concerted music, at the original Vocal and other concerts, it might be imagined that in singing the more simple style of English ballads Bartleman would not succeed, because of the danger arising, as the vulgar suppose, from too much learning; but, happily, such was not the case; for, among others, in the pure and beautiful little song written by Robert Cooke, "Farewell to the nymph of my heart," the utter abandonment of grief from constant separation was so strongly portrayed by the singer, that we well remember on one occasion several ladies were taken out fainting from the concert room at the close of the song. Neither time nor space will allow of our enumerating all the beauties that this eminent artist created; neither should we condescend, but with the utmost contempt, to notice the party formed against him in his latter days of public exertion, at the head of which was a provincial critic, who prided himself upon discovering the *mare's nest*, that Bartleman had *faults* in his singing! Now his greatest admirers never denied this fact, which applies equally, as a blot of human imperfection, to most of the greatest men who ever lived; and without the malice which swayed the aforesaid narrow-minded and self-sufficient person, candor will readily acknowledge what these faults were,—too great a breadth in pronunciation upon certain words, *maun*, for *man*; *huard* for *lord*, &c.; and too great a propensity to open the mouth in the contrary manner to what the Italians term "bocca ridente." These errors, if persons came purposely to watch for them, were easily discovered. In the same manner, in viewing one of Claude's pictures, we may notice how inferior are his oxen and sheep to all other parts of his landscape; but we contend that these by no means destroy that great master's productions as works of high art. So Bartleman's faults were forgotten by all unprejudiced persons when he was singing.

They only heard his energetic style, his bold conception of his author, his complete identification with both poet and composer, and the unabating spirit which carried him on, even while suffering the severest torture from a painful internal disorder which afflicted him for years, exercising his great talents, and keeping the English professors together by his zeal and attainments, as well as by his integrity and

kindness to all who required either advice or assistance from him. It does not appear that any particular incident occurred in his life of alternate suffering and study, that could interest the reader, excepting one, which showed his independent spirit.

During a rehearsal at the Ancient Concerts, Lord Darnley (a proud, haughty nobleman, who was one of the directors), made a remark, in his dictatorial manner, that something was wrong while Bartleman was singing, and intimated that he (Mr. B.) was the perpetrator of the erroneous passage. Bartleman, who not only knew his business eminently well, but was also aware of the total ignorance of his rebuker, said a few, not the most placable, words in his own peculiar way, to the effect that perhaps his lordship would condescend to take his place in the orchestra and perform it more to his own satisfaction, instantly quitted the rooms in a towering passion, "being so pestered by a popinjay," and went home, leaving the rehearsal of onerous pieces for the principal bass unfinished. He declared he never would utter another note there again; and it was only by the mediation of friends who persuaded my lord to make the *amende honorable*, which, after a week had elapsed, he did in a very handsome and satisfactory manner. In this little *frascati* was exhibited the value this great singer set upon his own exertions; and although on the score of politeness, perhaps, the action is not to be imitated, still it serves to show how powerless are even rank, wealth, and influence, against determined talent, energy, and consummate skill; for had he then left the Ancient Concerts, they must have dwindled into utter insignificance for want of his powerful aid.

It is not known that Bartleman ever composed either song or glee. He was a good performer on the violoncello, and possessed a large and valuable library of music, which after his decease was sold by auction, and the respectable auctioneer ran away with the proceeds, which thus became lost to his two sisters who survived him.

In summing up the merits of this great English singer, we may say that the chief points he made were a poetical reading of his author, without affectation or bombast, a never tiring energy of style, resulting from his strong feeling of the *situation* in which the person represented was supposed to be placed, and to which the mere musical notes were always rendered subservient, both in time and style, a true devotional sense of the high class of composition* he spent the greater part of his life in illustrating, and a determination always to support the interests of his art, and of his brother professors to the utmost.

* This reminds us of that lovely song by Pergolesi, "O Lord have mercy upon me." Can any forget who heard it, the slow melancholy shake upon the words, "My strength faileth me," and the electrical burst of tone in the last movement, "But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord?"

Moritz Hauptmann.

(A Memorial, written for the celebration of his seventieth birthday, October 13, 1862, by OSCAR PAUL.)

(From the Musical Review and World.)

Translated by FANNY M. RAYMOND.

Continued from page 401, vol. xxii.

The abundant and useful instruction which the student of art may gain from the study of Hauptmann's polyphonic and fugued themes, will be still further increased and more easily attained by an acquaintance with our author's theoretical writings. They are peculiarly adapted to assist the learner towards an independent judgment as to works of art and artistic forms. His deep, inclusive criticism on the works of Bach and Klengel; his clear explanation of Bach's "Art of the fugue"; his grounding in those rules that step forward, one after the other through the history of art, according to natural laws; excites the student to careful observation, and a lofty, clear understanding of all artistic inventions and phenomena.

From the introduction to the review of Klengel's fugues and canons, many musical critics may learn that modesty, which is so much needed in a portion of the musical world. Such criticisms as Hauptmann has written, might be taken as a pattern by some of our musical writers; and from them they would learn that truthful opinions and criticisms can only proceed from a perfect understanding of theory, and an entire mastery of practice. How admirably Hauptmann places Klengel's value in the right light, adding to his analysis a view of Klengel's life that puts it clearly before the reader, while in a few words he brings forward his most distinguished qualities, and points out to the student all that is most valuable and useful in them. In the preface to John Sebastian Bach's Masses in F, A, G, and G minor, our

author proves himself to be a deep thinker and inquirer. He compares Bach's great mastery over technical means with that of Haydn, showing that while Haydn arranged his oratorio, "The Last Words of our Saviour," from seven orchestral adagios which he had written for Passion-week, Bach undertook the far more difficult task, to accommodate choruses to ready written orchestral themes. "This was an undertaking," says Hauptmann, "such as only Sebastian Bach would set about, and the completion of which is all the more to be admired in him, as it would have cost him less trouble to write new music." Our author then goes on to the description of the different masses, and gives various readings of them from the manuscripts before him. He clearly proves how Sebastian Bach completed his masses from other pieces of music, and fortifies his opinions by the evidence of other learned writers on music, Mosewius for instance, in his work "Sebastian Bach's church cantatas and chorals." In his critical explanations, Hauptmann steps prominently forward as an historical searcher; his principle was, truth before every consideration in historical development; in this he resembled Humboldt, to whom the truth of natural laws was an impalpable and sacred thing.

In his "Explanations of J. S. Bach's 'Art of the Fugue,'" our author says, that this work will be principally valued for its instructiveness, although the 20 pieces of music contained in the work, regarded merely for their musical and poetic worth, witness every moment to the powers of the lofty master. He then goes on to the thematic development, and reminds the student, how fitted are the counter movements of the major and minor modes, to the subversions of a fugued theme. He then analyzes the 14 fugues and 4 canons in brief and simple manner, clearly bringing out the principal points of each, afterwards treating of the 2 fugues for 2 pianos. Finally, he says of Bach's uncompleted fugue, that this work, even in its incomplete form, must be regarded, both on account of its intrinsic merit, and as the last work of Sebastian Bach, as a valuable supplement, but as nothing more, since the book is complete without it. And something of what Hauptmann says, in his noble enthusiasm for Bach, at the close of the work, is not altogether inapplicable to himself.

The experience of a whole artistic life, at least so far as regards theoretic inquiry, is laid down by Hauptmann in his "Nature of Harmonies and Metrics." In this work Hauptmann reached a point in the history of art, from which all theorists must in future start. With S. Bach the chain of theoretic combinations closed. The theoretical rules, which, like peculiar systems in the history of philosophy, stepped forward in the course of experience, both before and after Bach, have been explained, with more or less success, in the many books on theory. But, so far, these rules had only found their use in the practice of our most prominent composers, especially J. S. Bach.

Was it not then probable, that many in the later times would say, that free creation in art was quite sufficient, without being too strongly bound to the rules of established forms? and that what is called "esthetic feeling," was the sovereign judge of musical composition? But *feeling* readily goes astray into wrong paths, when it is not supported by reasonable *thinking*. The lunatic has feeling; but logical power of thinking he is utterly destitute of. It was easy to come to fallacious conclusions regarding the laws of art, because early composers had succeeded just as well as the later, with all history and theory at their command, so long as proof was wanting that such conclusions were sophistical. These errors were certain to spread, and to find ready assent in our times, so long as they were only opposed by an abstract theoretical system, and until it was fully proved that this system is rooted in the human mind, and that it rests upon natural laws. The merit of bringing forward this proof belongs to Hauptmann only, and for this he stands alone in the history of art. In his book "The nature of harmonies and metrics," the main substance of the musical system of tones is clearly explained to be founded in the human nature, according to unalterable laws, and it is proved that "correct musical expression in composition is always natural, human, reasonable, and generally intelligible." As ideas are developed in the universal intellect of man, which, by means of logical thinking, become clear conceptions and comprehensive principles, whose results are intelligible expressions,—so arise musical ideas in the musical intellect; but if these are not correctly ordered by means of reasonable and logical thinking, they will never become clear conceptions, and still less intelligible forms. They rather become erroneous results; something that is never born of a sound brain. So Hauptmann says: "That which is musically inadmissible, is so,

not because it is opposed to certain rules set down by musicians, but because it is contrary to laws set down by human nature to the musician; because it is logically untrue, a contradiction throughout. An error in music is a logical error, a fault according to the universal human mind, not fault to the musical mind in particular. That which is musically right and correct, appeals to us in a humanly intelligible manner."—"That which is erroneous does not appeal to us as the expression of something incorrect; it does not appeal to us at all; it finds no response within us; we cannot understand it, for it has not any meaning."—"Music hath no indefinite sense; it speaks to humanity, and speaks only that which is felt by humanity. A manifold significance only appears in music, when each one seeks to find, in any peculiar musical idea, his own particular impression; when we strive to fix the flowing being of music, and to speak that which is inexpressible."

The gift of imparting knowledge is not granted to all great men. But all who had the good fortune to know Hauptmann as teacher, acknowledged that a better instructor for cultivated circles could not be found. Our master developed the talent of his scholars with equal carefulness both in general and in detail; while in that *grounding* which is notably the most difficult task of the teacher, he especially excelled. His amiability and kindness were so remarkable, that among the immense number of his pupils, not one has been found to make the slightest complaint of his failure in this respect. And, full of humanity, he was always ready to assist others where it was possible to him.

To the Editor of the (London) *Musical World*.

SIR,—I have tried my hand at some poetry, of which I beg the immediate insertion. I entitle it (see title further down), and am Sir, yours, &c.

DILETTANTE CURTAINLIFTER.

COVENT GARDEN NURSERY RHYMES.

(By a Devil on two sticks.)

I.

There was a composer called Balfie,
Who wrote much, and so well that, if half
What he wrote was his own,
He would stand quite alone,
That prolific composer called Balfie.

II.

There was a composer called Wallace,
In whom managers oft found a solace;
When Balfie couldn't be had,
Then case was'nt bad,
If they only fell back on old Wallace.

III.

There was an old tenor called Harrison,
Who thought himself out of comparison
The best tenor that e'er
Had warbled an air,
That complacent old tenor called Harrison.

IV.

There was a soprano called Pyne,
Whose voice was so sweet and divine,
That the angels aifot
Hush'd their songs and cried "Soft,
Let us hear this soprano called Pyne."

V.

There was a contralto called Baxter,
Who once sung whenever you axt her;
But now, I'm afraid,
She won't sing till she's paid,
That exacting contralto called Baxter.

VI.

There was a conductor called Mellon,
The best that e'er yet I heard tell on;
For if Costa himself
Had been laid on the shelf,
What mattered when there was old Mellon.

(To be continued with permission.—D. C.)

Musical Delusions of John Bull.

(Translated from a Berlin Paper for the London *Musical World*.)

I am always put in the very best of humors when I receive the *Musical World*, a journal costing sixteen shillings a year, and published in London.

It is almost incredible what an enormous number of vocal associations, monster concerts, musical festivals and Philharmonic clubs* there are in England, how many doctors of counter-

point and fugue, and how many enthusiastic amateurs who swear only by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Handel and Mendelssohn.

Nations, like individuals, have always an inclination to shine by those very qualities in which they are totally deficient. England desires, at any price, to be accounted a musical nation, and its reason for this is because it consumes a prodigious quantity of music. We might with as much justice say it was a wine country, because it drinks a great deal of champagne and claret.

England is indebted for its music, its aesthetics and everything connected with vocalism and instrumentalism to the Germans, the Italians and the French. A feeling for Art with difficulty strikes root in an English organization. England is everything: coals, roast-beef, bales of cotton, and ginger-beer, except music. Every germ of art is smothered at its very birth under the factory, the counting-house, the shop, and the hurry of business. A man must devote his energies to obtain what is necessary, and Heaven knows how much is necessary in England, before he can think of what is unnecessary, like art and poetry. As long as a man does not possess an income of a thousand a year, a brilliant establishment, and a colossal stock of linen, he remains in the category of the "mob." In order to obtain "honorability" in order to be able to sustain the part of a "gentleman," a man must work frantically, trade and cheat, for the purpose of making money; that is the great battle-cry, the banner, the universal object, "Make money!" The Englishman who owns no patent of nobility, no landed estate, no exchequer bonds, must do nothing but "make money." On this soil, put in tith and sowed wholly and solely for positive life, the Ideal is a plant of luxury, and the fine arts unnatural wants.

I am extremely sorry for the *Musical World*, but I am compelled to repeat a thousand times: England is not a musical country, and it can boast of no musical world, unless we regard as such the paper which has assumed the name.

Nature herself, however is to blame for this. In the first place, an Englishman can no more sing than a South American dog can bark; he has no voice, no speech, no melody. The voice is disorganized simultaneously with its birth, immediately the mouth begins to masticate English. It is a well-known fact that the vowels *a* and *o* are the first elements of singing; they constitute the principal and fundamental tone-color in music. But Englishmen have no *a*; it speedily degenerates into a dull, undecided *o*, which can never make up its mind to be a frank, honest *o*; or else *a* is changed into *e*, but, ah, what an *e*!—an *e* which sounds like the point of a knife, and cuts its way through the air.

The same is true of the other vowels, for all tones, immediately they proceed from an English gullet, are spoilt; they come as bastards into the world.

But if we must pity the vowels, how much more ought we to pity the poor consonants, for they are born, as it were, with broken limbs.

In addition to all this, the English vocabulary contains myriads of words of one syllable, and persons speaking, instead of pronouncing each word separately and distinctly, for this would take up too much time, make a single mouthful of three or four words, which they chew together, swallowing some, chewing some over again, and hurling out the rest with the hissing of a viper—and this is called *speaking English*.

Who would sing in such a language?

This is the reason why John Bull renders himself a laughing-stock with his musical pretensions!

* Thus spelt by the talented author of the article, which we take from a Berlin paper.—T. V. BRIDGEMAN.

The Choral, or Psalm Tune.

1. The character of the tune should accord with the sanctity of the place and occasion.

2. It should be such as to allow the meanest and most untutored person in the congregation readily to unite.

3. It should be free from monotony and dulness.

4. It should be united to the subject of the Psalm or Hymn with which it is connected.

1. The rule is violated when tunes are introduced of a light and frivolous character.

Were the pieces, indeed, of a superior excellence, —the characteristic productions of some master spirits—if we dare not plead their toleration, we should yet seal their banishment with regret. But in most instances their character is widely different. Not only do they fail to promote edification, but continually violate those principles of musical taste, which are almost intuitive in every mind. The anthems, fugues, psalm-tunes, and other pieces in general use throughout the country, are as a body, beneath criticism: they have noise, and that is all. They possess none of that exquisite blending of sound and idea which long lingers in the affection, and in moments of thoughtfulness and melancholy musing, is ever at hand to soothe or to enliven. The fact is, that, in general, they claim neither sweetness of melody nor breadth of harmony, and the mind wears itself with the attempt to shape that which is evidently shapeless, and bring the noisy and discordant particles to something of a consistent form.

It is not uncommon for the well-intentioned persons who have been captivated by some secular melody of the day, to introduce it into the church. It is possible that its complexion might not be unsuited to the sanctity of the service to which it is applied; yet the associations connected with it are sufficient to render it a most unfit medium of spiritual communications. When, for instance, the pleasing melody of the tune called "Prospect" is performed in the church, no words, however sacred, can blot from the mind every remembrance of the equally pleasing but profane lines of Ben Jonson, to which they were originally composed. Besides that there is a want of proper feeling and correct taste in going elsewhere to gather the glittering tinsel of theatrical music, when the richest bullion of untouched gold lies neglected at our very feet.

Similar to this is the custom of mutilating some masterly and splendid sacred composition of a more extended character, and obliging it in contempt of its original design, to usurp, in a cramped and altered form, the place of the genuine Psalm tune. Nothing can be more wanton and needless than the efforts made to accommodate the works of great masters to a purpose not originally contemplated.

2. As with other things, so with music,—

"When evils come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions."

The tunes of the character just specified are further objectionable, as they generally involve the violation of our second rule. They present obstacles to that unity, which is the chief charm of congregational Psalmody; and this in many ways. First, by their lightness and rapidity. All great bodies move slowly. They possess power; but they require time to develop it and space to apply it, otherwise their strength becomes weakness, by their efforts falling short of their object.

If then the tune be designed for the mass of a congregation, it must be satisfied to assume a deliberate character, abounding in minims and semibreves, and not in crochets and quavers.

Again, the sudden and marked transitions of many tunes of this kind present needless difficulties, passing from one chord to another through a strange and unexpected interval, without breaking the fall by some easy and leading note. Far from being an inherent defect, this is frequently a great beauty, and some of our most original and magnificent harmonies abound in the most startling transitions. But such are manifestly unsuited to a mixed assembly, where the composition should be as simple as the performance is rough. If when the tune is steadily pursuing a straight track, time and patience are requisite for the proper development of each several note, it is natural to suppose that any unexpected break will be likely to occasion confusion.

Hence the necessity of choosing tunes not only grave in character, but simple and flowing in their design. The opposite practice is one cause why, in many parishes, the ground has been so exclusively occupied by the singers. Nothing could better answer their end of monopolizing the psalmody to themselves than the adoption of such tunes as were too rapid or rugged for the congregation. Idleness is not the most general natural infirmity of man; and there can be little doubt but that, had the tune been suited to the capacities of the multitude, there had been less cause to complain of their silence. Let music once be intelligible, and it will soon wind itself into the affections of the people.

Another obstacle that comes under this head is the complex character of many tunes. This is especially seen in those miserable compositions that are presented to many a country congregation under the prostituted name of fugues. In the performance of such pieces, the people ignorant of the first principle

of musical science, have no choice—they must either be silent, or they mar the music! Away then with all country fugues and anthems, if we seek to cherish real parochial psalmody!

Another class of tunes, without assuming the scientific appellation of fugues, display a fondness for occasional division of parts perfectly advisable in extended compositions, executed by a practised choir, but only apt to bewilder a congregation. When the treble is left to perform singly, and the bass has its pauses and places of conjunction to mark, the mind of the singer is too much engrossed to feel the benefit of a spiritual exercise, and the people at large are utterly precluded from a cordial participation. They are continually at fault. But this species of tune brings with it another evil. The scope of a plain verse is found far too narrow for its full development. Hence the necessity of embarrassing repetitions of words, lines and even syllables. Now, if repetitions are at all admirable, it may only be when neither musical nor poetical properties are in any respect violated. For this purpose the composer must adapt his composition to certain words; and if as in translations, it be necessary to apply other words to the same composition, it is easy to see that great skill, patience and ingenuity are requisite to prevent violations of rhythm and accent. What bound there can be set to such violations, when a tune demanding constant repetitions is applied arbitrarily to the successive verses of a hymn, without any other restriction than its accordance with the general measure? The less repetition and network there is in plain psalm tune, the less confusion will there be in its performance; and in vain shall we look for a thorough reformation of our psalmody, till the entire adoption and restoration of the good old church tune in all its ancient rights and privileges. There alone is found that freedom from light runs, sudden transitions, ornamented flourishes, rapid movements, and perplexing repetitions, which are sure to blur over all attempts to give full energy to this most interesting and influential portion of divine worship.

3. It may be imagined that the species of tune recommended in the foregoing remarks, cannot possess that life and energy so necessary to sustain the popular attention. Hence the objection has arisen that what is gained in facility of execution is lost in diminution of interest; and that, without noise and motion, the musical feelings of a congregation must remain torpid. Now, if languor were a necessary adjunct of a slow and majestic tune, we should indeed find some difficulty to reconcile feeling and understanding. Happily, however, we are spared this perplexity; neither harmony nor melody are destroyed, or even impaired by suitable variations of time. It is with music as with poetry. In both arts the most sublime and weighty passages require deliberate and marked emphasis to render them effective; if hurried over lightly, their character is lost. A pleasant superficial composition, on the other hand, agrees well with an easy and flowing delivery.—Gravity, solemnity, and majesty of step, are as needful to inspire feelings of awe and reverence in music as in manners; and when we consider of how great importance it is that the seriousness of the spirit should be maintained in every part of divine service, it were enough, though no other end were gained by the introduction of this species of Psalmody.

But it may be fearlessly asserted that it is inferior to no kind of composition in arousing the attention, or keeping alive an excited interest. It yields to none in ministering to the very highest degree of musical gratification.

We have no lack of compositions rich both in melody and harmony; and that such will be comprehended and admired when lighter ones are forgotten, may be seen from the hold which Luther's Hymn and the Hundreath Psalm unceasingly retain of the public ear,—tunes which increase the more in popular estimation the better they are known.

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that tunes of this class, in which each word has its distinct note, and all generally of the same length, must be performed in the same time. Some, as for instance the Old Hundred and Fourth Psalm, are in their own character energetic and spirited. Such, therefore, should be played with greater sprightliness than others naturally more solemn and sedate.

It is incumbent upon us to accommodate our tunes as well to the subject-matter of the words to which they are applied, as to the difference of times and seasons.

It is, therefore, the duty of those who have any influence on the Psalmodist, to study carefully the character of each sound and legitimate tune, and so to apply it that it may strengthen and not impede the impression designed to be conveyed on occasions

of peculiar solemnity.

"How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection."

—Latrod's "Music of the Church."

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—*Semiramide* was performed by Masetz's troupe last Monday evening. The *Tribune* says:

The cast, last night, was as follows: *Semiramide*, Mme Guerrabell; *Idreno*, Mlle. Sulzer; *Arzace*, Signor Minetti; *Assur*, Signor Biachi; *Oroe*, Signor Coletti; *Shade of Ninus*, Signor Coletti.

Semiramide must be handsome in addition to other political qualifications, and certainly Madame Guerrabell looked every inch a noble and beautiful classic queen. Besides, we have never heard her to the same advantage. She executed the music with much brilliancy; and increased in force as she proceeded during the evening. Mlle. Sulzer sang the gay griefs of the young prince in all their rapid turns and runs; and called forth liberal applause in her solo. The part of *Idreno* gave Signor Minetti very little to do. Signor Biachi affords a specimen of the old classic school of singing. He possesses the utmost flexibility of voice; and executes with the most artistic finish.

There is so much dull priestly work and ponderous recitative in *Semiramide* that it drags at times on the stage, notwithstanding its superb music. If it could be compressed a little, it would be better; not that there are not operas longer, but their stage business being lively, their length seems less.

To-night *Lucia* will be rendered, with Mlle. Ortolani, Brignoli, Sig. Mazzoleni, and Sig. Bellini.

The Concordia, a German singing society in Hoboken, have recently performed a little opera by Franz Schubert: "The Conspirators, or the Domestic Strife." It is the first operatic work of Schubert ever attempted in this country. The *Musical Review* says of it:

The opera was written in 1819, when Schubert was but 23 years old. No doubt the work itself gives unmistakable sign of the youth of the composer. Those riches of modulation, those traits of originality, with which his later works abound, are not to be found in the score. Everything is simple, very intelligible and often by no means peculiarly Schubertish. For instance, the song-writer Schubert, as he is known to the present generation, will be scarcely recognized. With exception of the romance of the Countess in F minor and the first part of the Duo between Adolf and Helene in B flat, there can be hardly in the whole score traced anything, which might point to the manner and the turns of melody we find for instance in his songs. Yet the music is much more modern, than most of the music of this style was, composed forty and fifty years ago. One can take the comic operas of the German composers of that time, and one can easily see, how independent Schubert appears in spite of his twenty-three years. Besides there are scarcely any songs in the opera. The choruses, the ensembles, form the chief features of the work, and these in some instances are of an irresistible charm, as for instance the welcome chorus of the women, in C. The inspiration scene is also of good effect, especially the concluding Andantino in D. Of excellent and even dramatic effect are the two Ariettas by the Count and the Countess, the one in A, the other in C, although in the main features the same music. The finale, too, offers some excellent music, but here the want of really dramatic progression is felt most. The music does not reach its climax, on the contrary it loses its interest. It is true this is partially caused by the libretto (by J. F. Castelli) but on the whole this libretto is better than the majority of text-books of this class, especially of an older period of operatic art. With a few cuttings and alterations the little opera could be made very effective, especially on a large stage, and with the help of the orchestra, the treatment of which, to judge from the Piano-score, must be occasionally quite interesting. But even without these accessories and alterations the operetta has proved quite attractive, as all those can testify, who witnessed the performance in Hoboken. The scenery worked well, the costumes were very appropriate and pretty and everything was neat and acceptable. The choruses, some of which are by no means easy, were creditably sung, and the soloists, Miss Luducus, Messrs. Urchs and Schoenfeldt, and two or three others, whose names we could not ascertain

tain, gave general satisfaction. We need simply add that Mr. Timm was at the piano (one of Steinway's Grands) to satisfy our readers, that the accompaniment was in the right hands. The performance was preceded by the overture to "Euryanthe," rendered by Messrs. Timm and H. Brauckhausen.

We understand that the opera will be repeated for the benefit of Mr. Sorge, the conductor, to whose energy and zeal the bringing out of the work is chiefly due.

PHILADELPHIA.—Of Nicolai's "Merry wives of Windsor" (*Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*), performed by the German Opera Company for the first time in America, a fortnight since, the *Evening Bulletin* says:

It was brought out with great care by Mr. Anschütz's company; the costumes were all new and elegant, and the general *mise en scène* was excellent. The music of this opera is very fresh and beautiful. The overture is familiar to concert-goers, and last evening it was played better than we have ever had it here. The orchestral music, from beginning to end, is extremely beautiful, and among good judges it had a full share of the applause.

The story of the opera is an abridgement of Shakespeare's comedy. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page appear as "Frau Fluth" and "Frau Reich," and the other characters are close reproductions from the original play. Mme. Johannsen, as the Mrs. Ford of the opera, sang better than we have ever heard her, and acted with uncommon spirit. Mme. Schaumberg took the part of Mrs. Page, and Mme. Rotter that of "Anne Page." The latter sang beautifully, and made a great deal out of rather an unimportant part. Herr Graff's "Falstaff" was scarcely up to the ordinary conception of the part in America and England, but he was correct and at times very amusing. Hartmann as "Ford," Weinlich as "Page," Lotti as "Fenton," Quint as "Slender," and Kronfeld as "Dr. Caius," were excellent, though Lotti got sadly off the key in his principal solo, and was some time in recovering himself.

A first hearing of an opera does not qualify one for reporting on its merits in detail, and we cannot refer to all the beauties of this one. The opening duo, between the two "merry wives," is excellent. The finale of the first act is grand, and it was admirably sung by this company. There is a capital drinking scene in the second act, which was extremely well done by Graff and the chorus. Mme. Rotter and Lotti have a beautiful duo, with a peculiar cadence, in which the first violin has a principal part. The music of the last act, where the elves and fairies appear, was of a light character, and scarcely equal to that which preceded it. But the opera, as a whole, was a great success.

Among the pieces given during the past week were Auber's *Fra Diavolo* (with Mme. Berkel as Zerlina, Quint as Fra Diavolo, Lotti as Lorenzo), *Der Freyschütz*, and, for the farewell of the company on Monday, *Don Giovanni*. Fitzgerald (*City Item*) says, no doubt with justice:

The German Opera does not receive all the praise which it deserves. We hear it compared, to apparent disadvantage, with the Italian opera. It ought not to suffer by comparison. The German company altogether has done harder and better work than any Italian company that has visited us—harder, because its music has been more difficult, and more various,—better, because the music is in general the best. Its performance, on the whole, if not in detail, is superior to what we have been accustomed to from the Italian opera—it is more entire, earnest, and possesses a higher purpose, and it has accomplished more good. That is due chiefly to such a manager as Auschütz, whose generalship of music is unsurpassed, but it is also due to the artistic spirit which secounds him. With not altogether the best voices, the German company possesses superior intelligence and energy. Madame Johannsen, for zeal, ability, and satisfaction, surpasses in essential respects many prima-donnas of the Italian school who create superficial furor; and the same, in a different application, might be said of Madame Rotter, than whom, in a certain line of operatic character, few singers have given our public better satisfaction. The difference between the schools is decidedly in favor of the sincerity and earnestness of the German, which, with inferior voices, can accomplish greater results.

HARTFORD, CONN.—Two classical soirees have recently been given at the Gymnasium Hall of the Hartford Female Seminary, under the direction of Mr. HENRY WILSON, the accomplished organist and teacher. The programme of the first, March 9, was as follows:

1 Grand Duo, for two Piano-fortes, "Capriccio Brillante," in B minor, op. 22.	Mendelssohn
Messrs. Henry Wilson and Dudley Buck.	
2 Violin Solo. "Nocturne Concertante"	De Beriot
(On themes from Schubert, op. 34.)	
3 Aria. From "Robert le Diable"	Meyerbeer
Miss Ramsey.	
4 Sonata, for Piano-forte and Violin, in D major op. 12.	Beethoven
Messrs. Stickney and Buck.	
5 Aria, from "Rigoletto"	Verdi
Miss Ramsey.	
6 Piano Solo. a. Transcription from "Tannhäuser." Liszt	
"Song to the Evening Star."	
b. Grand Polonaise.	Chopin
Mr. Buck.	
7 Trio, for Piano-forte, Clarionette and Viola, in E flat op. 11.	Hauptmann
1. Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Rondo Allegretto.	
Messrs. Stickney and Buck.	
2 Cavatina. From "Huguenots"	Meyerbeer
Miss Ramsey.	
3 Romance and Agitato.	Heller & Ernst
From the "Pensees Fugitives."	
Messrs. Mahler and Buck.	
4 Trio, for Piano-forte, Clarionette and Viola. Op. 14.	Mozart
5 Piano Solo. Scherzo in B flat minor. Op. 31. Chopin	
Mr. Buck.	
6 Ballad. "The Fisher Maiden"	Meyerbeer
Miss Ramsey.	
7 Romance, for Violin and Piano-forte.	Beethoven
Messrs. Stickney and Wilson.	
8 Aria. "Echo Song"	Eckert
Miss Ramsey.	

And here is the second programme, of March 27:

1 Sonatas in B flat, op. 23.	Hauptmann
1. Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Rondo Allegretto.	
Messrs. Stickney and Buck.	
2 Cavatina. From "Huguenots"	Meyerbeer
Miss Ramsey.	
3 Romance and Agitato.	Heller & Ernst
From the "Pensees Fugitives."	
Messrs. Mahler and Buck.	
4 Trio, for Piano-forte, Clarionette and Viola. Op. 14.	Mozart
5 Piano Solo. Scherzo in B flat minor. Op. 31. Chopin	
Mr. Buck.	
6 Ballad. "The Fisher Maiden"	Meyerbeer
Miss Ramsey.	
7 Romance, for Violin and Piano-forte.	Beethoven
Messrs. Stickney and Wilson.	
8 Aria. "Echo Song"	Eckert
Miss Ramsey.	

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1863.

New Volume—A Change.

We begin the twelfth year of our Journal of Music with a change of plan. Henceforth, instead of once a week, it will be issued only ONCE A FORTNIGHT.

We are convinced that this change is dictated alike by the interests of the public, the Art, the Editor, and the publishers.

1. It will be better for the public, for the class who read. It is a limited class at best, that spends much time in *reading* about Music, or cares much about discussions of artistic questions, critical analyses, comparison of composers, schools, historic periods, or to keep up with the record of current musical news; while nearly all delight in hearing music for inspiration, solace or amusement. In these grave times, especially, how few have time or thought to spare to really read so many pages, presenting themselves so frequently, as we for eleven years have filled with matter relating almost exclusively to music! Music itself, under the weight of times like these, the spirit needs; its halls and theatres are gladly thronged; but how many persons can we invite with the same confidence to read and think about it? A fortnightly journal will doubtless be read with more eagerness, than one which comes too often.

2. It will be better both for Art and Editor. Imagine the sounder half selected out of all the matter contained in any two successive numbers of the Journal and put into one, or the whole condensed into one, and you will have our meaning. The opportunity for greater condensation, for more carefully considered articles, for preparing a larger proportion of original matter, for entering into some departments of the sub-

ject, for which time has hitherto been short, for gathering up the *gist* of more intelligence within less space,—in short for offering more matter in but half as many words,—is one which the Editor for many years has coveted and felt the need of. He thinks he can do better service to the cause of Art, and fuller justice to himself, by one volume in the year, than by two. At all events the present times dictate the trial; of the result it becomes us to speak modestly, though hopefully and with determined purpose.

3. To our publishers, on whom the Journal imposes a heavy pecuniary risk, of which our subscribing and advertising patrons have only partially relieved them since the War began, it becomes a necessary economy, that our work should (for the present at least) be done upon a somewhat less imposing outward scale, provided it can be essentially as well done (for the reader and for Art);—and that it can be, has been shown above.

We do not propose to change the size, external style, or price of the Journal. In spite of the doubled cost of paper and other increased expenses, the subscription price will remain relatively the same as heretofore; namely, *one dollar per annum*. Those who have already prepaid for a year on the weekly plan, will be credited for two years, or may receive their money back, if a fortnightly paper does not suit their purpose.

Our next number, therefore, will be issued on Saturday, April 18, and the paper will appear thereafter on alternate Saturdays.

Concert Review.

All the concerts of the week have been for patriotic objects; to send health and comfort, and good cheer and music to our brave soldiers in the field.

1. The Concert at Chickering's Hall, last Saturday evening, to raise funds for circulating Prof. Child's capital collection of War Songs in the army, was as unique in character, as it was eminently successful. Tickets enough had been purchased at the dollar price, to crowd the hall. Fortunately for those present, if unfortunately for the absent, a snow storm, of the least attractive variety, suddenly intervened, so that the room was but comfortably filled, and with excellent people, all impressible and readily responsive to the stirring patriotic strains. The selections were of three sorts: specimens of the War Songs; instrumental pieces for orchestra and stringed quartet; and grand choruses with orchestra; as follows:

Part I.

1. Songs: Our Country is calling! The Land and the Flag. Sharpshooter's Song. O, we're not tired of fighting yet!
2. Symphony in G minor.
3. Songs: Northmen, come out! Cavalry Song. Put it through!
4. Chorus from "Antigone"

Part II.

1. Quartet in D, 3d and 4th Movements.
2. Songs: The Lass of the Pampunk: Duet. Shall freedom droop and die? Harvard Students' Song: Solo. Trumpet Song.
3. Domine, salvum fac Patriam nostram.

The songs and choruses were sung by a choir of about thirty rich and powerful male voices,

mostly members of the Harvard Musical Association or undergraduates at Cambridge. The ensemble was very fine, and the body of first tenors uncommonly effective. It was in fact the same choir which contributed so much to the interest of the exercises at the inauguration of President Hill a few weeks ago. They had been carefully drilled by Mr. J. K. Paine, the musical instructor at the University, who officiated very ably as conductor of the whole concert, besides being the author of a considerable and not the least interesting portion of the music.

The war songs were sung with much more life and spirit than at the former concert for the same object. Indeed there was an inspiring ring to most of the pieces, and a solemn earnestness in some of them which no one could help feeling. The humorous ones, to Prof. Child's quaint words, seasoned the mess agreeably. Mr. Paine's "Cavalry Song" was one of the most effective pieces of music; and, in another vein, his music, Mr. Hale's words, and all the voice, with a will conspired in "Put it through." The third set of songs had been arranged by Mr. Paine with orchestral accompaniment. Messrs Langmaid and Powers in the Duet, and the former gentleman in Mrs. Howe's "Harvard Students' Song" (to the German air *Denkst du daran*), sang with artistic style and feeling. "Shall Freedom droop and die?" (words by C. G. Leland), was adapted to a very appropriate melody and was deeply impressive. The "Trumpet Song" had a ringing trumpet flourish for an introduction — an accompaniment which the men in camp can easily command.

Mendelssohn's noble music (in double chorus) to the Bacchus chorus in the *Antigone* of Sophocles was given with splendid effect both by voices and orchestra; and only strengthened our wish that this choir may be kept together, until it shall have learned and shall be in a condition to bring out the entire music to *Antigone*. It will only require a good reader for the connecting portions of the tragedy. The *Domine salvam fac Patriam nostram*, the same piece which hailed the new President at Harvard, with words altered, confirmed the good impression it there made as a spirited, musician-like, effective composition.

It was a new sensation to hear a Symphony in that small room, sitting as it were in the very midst of the conversing instruments. It was a small orchestra, the "Germania," about twenty instruments, among whom were Eichberg, Meisel, Wulf Fries, Ribas, Heinecke, &c., and all all parts fairly represented. Mozart's G minor was quite well played. Under such circumstances the listener was fixed, held by the button as it were. There was no escaping what each instrument had to say; following the themes and imitative phrases from one set of voices to another, watching their combinations, divergences, responses, and their *tutti* asseverations, you had really a nearer study of the composition, than is usually possible in large halls, although the aesthetic unity and blending may be better there. The two movements from Mr. Paine's Quartet, nicely played by Messrs. Eichberg, Meisel, Eichler and Wulf Fries, made a very agreeable impression, although they would have been more justly appreciated, had the first movement also been given. For so youthful an effort it showed much artistic skill and genial conception. The variations were particularly ingenious and interesting.

We have spoken in praise of these performances, generally and singly, not meaning to assert that there were no technical imperfections. But there was life and right spirit in it all; the music told for its full meaning on an audience, which it warmed into sympathy with itself; and that after all is the main thing; where that is vouchsafed, it is folly to be critical. We trust the War Songs will do the same live service in the army. Judged by the specimens, the little book should be highly useful.

2. Mr. GILMORE'S Patriotic Concerts for the benefit of the Sanitary Department of six Boston regiments, (with one of which, the 24th, Mr. Gilmore and his excellent Band served during the first year of the war), have been given with faithful adherence to programme, and with good success apparently, every afternoon and evening of this week. The usual place has been the Tremont Temple, but on the evening of Fast Day Faneuil Hall resounded to the stirring strains of orchestra, and reed band, Mme. ANNA BISHOP's sweet voice and still exquisitely finished singing, Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON's (tenor) smooth and delicate delivery of sentimental ballads, solos on various instruments, &c. The selections have been mostly light and popular, but good of their kind, and the execution has left little to be desired. Mr. Gilmore enters with real patriotic fervor and enthusiasm into his work; and so does his most active and obliging agent, Mr. Blake. The spirit and purpose of these concerts certainly commends them.— Mr. Gilmore has labored in season and out of season, in spite of discouraging beginnings some weeks since, to bring them about, and he is now giving all that he has promised. We trust that the material result will fully equal the large sum he anticipated; it will be a noble gift of one man's heart and energy to the defenders of the sacred cause.

The concerts are continued this afternoon and evening for the special benefit of the 45th Regiment under the auspices of the Independent Cadets. To-morrow (Sunday) evening, they will close with a grand Sacred Concert in which Mr. RUDOLPHSEN will sing, besides the above named vocalists.

GRAU'S ITALIAN OPERA troupe paid a flying visit at the Boston Theatre, on their way back from Portland to New York, last week, and gave two performances of *Don Pasquale*, in connection with M. Juignet's French dramatic company, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon.

We understand that MARETZEK'S Havana troupe, of whose performances in New York all the accounts, including our own trustworthy correspondent, are so favorable, will open at the Boston Theatre on the 13th inst. The singers will all be new to us, although the operas may be old.

It does not yet appear how soon we may expect CARL ANSCHÜTZ with his German Company, to give us new operas, at least almost so to us: *Fidelio*, *Magic Flute*, *The Seraglio*, *John of Paris*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, &c., &c.

The next Concert that we have in prospect (except Gilmore's), is that of the ORCHESTRAL UNION next Wednesday Afternoon, at the Melodeon, while the Boston Music Hall is being renovated and reorganized.

There is yet one more of CARL ZERRAHN'S Philharmonic Concerts awaiting us (would we might say many more!). Whether it will come next Saturday we do not learn.

Mr. PARKER'S singing Club of lady and gentleman amateurs have been practising all winter Schu-

mann's beautiful Cantata "Paradise and the Peri," founded on Moore's poem. It was to have been performed before an invited and an eager audience. But March winds are harsh, and Peris, Houris, and such creatures of milder heavens where no East winds blow (they being in the East already), can hardly be expected to escape colds; therefore the pleasant event has had to be postponed. But it is worthy of note, meanwhile that such good things are studied in these parts.

LISZT'S CHOPIN. — We cheerfully give place to the following, and regret that we could not do it earlier. It was an inadvertent statement on our part that both Mendelssohn's Letters and Listz's "Chopin" had been translated *entire* in this Journal, that being true only of the former work. Our translations from the "Chopin" appeared so many years ago that we had really forgotten about them. For the same reason, they could scarcely injure the forth-coming book.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.

Dear Sir: I observe in your notice of the forthcoming "Life of Chopin" from the press of F. Leopold, Philadelphia, a statement which may have an injurious effect upon the sale of the work in musical circles. You say the book is already known to the readers of your periodical through a translation given in that Journal. Now, according to a letter written by you in 1855, the translation there given consisted of such portions as were found in one of the German musical papers, and, by comparison of those portions with the original work, only sixty pages of the whole two hundred and four were published in the *Journal of Music*. Thus, more than half of Liszt's book was omitted, including especially such parts as were chiefly illustrative of the Polish nationality of the great composer.

I feel quite sure that this error in statement has on your part been made inadvertently, and I rely upon your well known fairness and sense of justice to correct the false impression it must make upon the minds of the reading public. Of course all who think they already possess a translation of the entire work will not purchase Mr. Leopold's edition.

This enterprising publisher, having undertaken to bring out a book pronounced by numerous American houses so far above the heads of the people that its sale would not pay for paper and ink, surely merits support from all who desire the real advancement of genuine art in America. Trusting that you will at once correct the erroneous impression conveyed by the Journal of March 14th, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Hoboken, March 17.

L. D. P.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* says:

The last performance of Mr. Anschütz's company drew a fine audience to the Academy of Music, although it took place in Holy Week. The opera was *Don Giovanni*, with the following cast:

Donna Anna.....	Mme. Johannsen.
Donna Elvira.....	Mme. Zimmerman.
Zerlina.....	Mme. Berkel.
Don Giovanni.....	Herr Hartmann.
Leporello.....	Herr Weilich.
Don Ottavio.....	Herr Lotti.
The Commander.....	Herr Graff.
Masetto.....	Herr Quint.

Although the general performance was quite good, yet the only artist who was really equal to the work was Mme. Johannsen. She sang well all the difficult music of her role, including the grand aria, "Non mi dir," which the Italians always omit. Mme. Zimmerman is a very poor representative of "Elvira," and Mme. Berkel only a passable "Zerlina." The male characters were better supported, but none of the singers were quite up to the mark. But the fidelity, earnestness and intelligence with which the Germans sing and act, make up for many deficiencies of voice and style, and with Mr. Anschütz's fine orchestra, the performance was a very satisfactory one. The grand finale of the first act was given with splendid effect, the chorus being greatly enlarged.

Between the second and third acts, Mr. G. Gumpert, on behalf of Mr. Anschütz's Philadelphia friends, presented to him a beautiful baton, of ebony, mounted with gold, and bearing a suitable inscription. Mr. Gumpert made a neat and brief presentation speech, while the gift was presented from the hand of a pretty little girl, and acknowledged by a kiss. The affair was altogether very well managed. Although, from various causes, such as Lent and the illness of Madame Rotter, the last season of the German company has not been successful in a pecuniary point of view, we have reason to believe that Mr. Anschütz does not regret coming to Philadelphia, and will pay us another visit next season.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30.—The representation of Bellini's "Norma" on last Monday night, was very successful, so much so as to warrant its repetition on Friday. The length of time during which this opera has held a prominent position on the lyric stage (more than thirty years, a long period for most modern operas!) is not to be wondered at, when we consider its real wealth of melody, and its great dramatic effects. In spite of frequent repetition, the Druid choruses, the scene following Norma's entrance, the trio at the close of the first act, the fine declamatory passages, and torrents of angry *fioriture* scattered through the music allotted to Norma, still strike us as remarkable, poetic, and in a certain measure, truthful. This opera requires good actors as well as singers; fortunately, Mr. Maretzky's company tolerably well answers these requisitions.

MEDORI looked the Druid princess finely; her attitudes were nobly picturesque, her acting frequently rose to a degree of impassioned intensity, as genuine as rare. Her singing was more than satisfactory, although it is to be regretted that she makes such a constant (and, we fear, involuntary) use of the *tremolo*, which would be effective in so rich and powerful a voice as hers, were it only heard occasionally. MAZZOLINI made a great deal of the part of Pollione; but so fine an artist can make much of very little. SULZER was correct, but weak, as Adalgisa; BIANCHI pretty good as Oroveso, if not quite up to our childish recollections of Lablache's colossal voice and majestic port and action. The choruses and orchestra were well sustained. On Wednesday night the company gave Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix," and at Saturday's matinée "La Traviata." "Semiramide" is promised for to-night, quite a pleasant change from the routine répertoire.

On last Tuesday evening, Messrs. MASON and THOMAS gave their fifth soirée of the present series, at Dodworth's hall. The programme comprised Mozart's quartet in E flat major, (No. 4 of the Haydn quartets), and, in some respects, the finest of the six—with its visionary Andante, and lovely Scherzo; Bach's Piano and Violin Sonata in E major,—"something rich and strange," which from the beginning to the end gave us a sense of quaint delight, yet somewhat mysterious and *unheimlich*; but it must have proved a cold bath to many among the audience, who did not seem to know what to make of it; then three of Schumann's *Novelletten* for the piano-forte, played by William Mason; and lastly, Mendelssohn's Octet in E, flat major, opus 20, which has uncommon strength for a work of this class by Mendelssohn the elegant; the Scherzo is a summer-night's-dream—in Spain, with a rich gloom over it at times.

The Philharmonic Society gave their first rehearsal for the last concert of this season, on Saturday afternoon.

Schubert's operetta "The Domestic Quarrel," has been brought out in Hoboken, by a musical society.

The Italian opera company has given occasional performances in Brooklyn—usually repetitions of the operas produced here.

GOTTSCHALK is inaugurating a new series of concerts here and in Brooklyn.



PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 29.—A few days ago I chanced across the programme of Mr. WOLFSOHN's fourth classical soirée. As the names, both of artists and compositions, promised a rare feast, I concluded to be on hand on the evening of the 26th, and had every reason to congratulate myself, since the concert was, in many respects, a delightful one. Beethoven's Trio, in B flat major, for piano, clarinet and violoncello, was played by Messrs. WOLFSOHN, STOLL and AHREND. Though it is full of beauty and contains two movements (the Allegro and the Adagio) of exceeding interest, it is one of Beethoven's

lighter works. It was well played and, barring the rather too loud performance of various violoncello passages, would have pleased the most exacting of critics.

There was also Mozart's lovely Quintet, in E flat major, for piano and wind instruments. It is one of the most pleasing of the works of the composer who never wrote a page that tires, or a phrase that does not seem as fresh and as acceptable at the fiftieth as at the first hearing. He, indeed, may be said to be musically *blase*, who has lost his love for Mozart. As the E Flat Quintet is very well known, I will not dwell upon it, except to pay my respects to those who played it.

For the sake of the wind instruments, it ought to have been more frequently rehearsed. Mr. Kellner's hautbois was, at times, positively painful. The Larghetto, beginning like Leporello's *Nella bionda* in "Don Giovanni," pleased more than the other movements, though the whole work was well received.

To describe Mr. WOLFSOHN's playing would necessitate the bringing forth of various commendatory adjectives rather the worse for wear. I will, therefore, content myself with remarking that Chopin's Nocturne, in F sharp major, was played exquisitely; and that the Henselt Etude, *Si oiseau j'étais*, &c., would have been better had it received the same careful shading as the Nocturne.

Mr. AHREND phrases well, plays with fine feeling and has immense tone. His bowing is excellent. In his solo, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, his sliding for notes that should have been attacked squarely did much to mar the beauty of the performance. I am surprised that Mr. AHREND should allow himself to fall into such a careless manner. As it was, it pleased the audience, who were delighted to obtain the somewhat familiar Schubert's Serenade when M. AHREND reappeared.

In the Mendelssohn Sonata, both players (Wolfssohn and AHREND) gave the various movements, and especially the Andante, carefully and impressively.

The German operas for the week were Nicolai's (and Shakespeare's) "Merry Wives of Windsor," Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, and Weber's *Freischütz*. "Don Giovanni" is announced for to-morrow night.

NIEMAND.

A SHARP REBUKE TO MUSICAL HUMBUGS.—It seems that to gain the public confidence, the manager of a juvenile concert troupe lately had it announced that it had received the sanction of Trinity Church; whereupon a letter of correction is sent as follows. We quote it from the Brooklyn *Daily News*:

TRINITY CHURCH, New York, }
March 23d, 1863.

Mr. D. F. HARDY—My Dear Sir: In a copy of the Brooklyn *News*, of recent date, which you have sent me for examination, I find an article describing a concert lately given at the Athenaeum, by some Horace Waters "Sunday School Vocalists." While reading the article, I came upon the following startling announcement:

"The Sunday School Vocalists are rapidly growing in favor with this community; and they have, we understand, received liberal offers to sing at Trinity Church (New York), but have very wisely, we think, resolved to remain and exercise their talents in a community that has shown a disposition so liberally to reward their efforts."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed: "is it possible? Something must be the matter with my eyes." I thereupon mounted a pair of powerful, self-adjusting, over-strung, back-action spectacles, of about six horse power. This process, however, revealed nothing new. I think—mind, I am not certain—but think the above announcement "lacks confirmation." I have, however, referred the whole matter to my first assistant organ blower (a intelligent contraband), with power to send for persons and papers! Yours truly,

(Signed) HENRY S. CUTLER,

Organist, Trinity Church, New York,

We should think that in future Mr. Waters would be a little careful how he meddles with dignities unauthorized.—*N. Y. Sund. Dispatch.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Trout. (Die Forelle). One May day in the Morning. German and English words.

Franz Schubert. 35

Schubert's Forelle is already widely known and liked. The German song has a very simple story of a trout in a brook who was cruelly caught by an angler. The English words describe the beauty of an English May morning, on the banks of the romantic and fishfull river Dove. The music of song and accompt is, of course, perfectly graceful and beautiful.

In Dark'ning Night. In Dunkler Nacht. F. Abt. 25

Many of the German songs have a dusky, sombre, semi-melancholy character, as if written in a cloudy twilight. Many American songs are full of brightness and glitter, like our own sunny days, just the reverse of the moist, mild, smiling and weeping ones, which constitute the rule in Deutschland. But such songs as this of Abt's are beautifully German American, with rich and tender harmony, and a pleasant, bright melody. The ballad is also very sweet.

Heather Bell. Song.

C. Krebs. 34

Another beautiful German ballad, with words in German and English, like the other. Very tender and delicate. These two songs will have many admirers.

Instrumental Music.

Cherry Ripe. Transcription.

B. Richards. 40

Another of Richard's skilfully transcribed songs, mostly easy, with two somewhat difficult passages in five sharps. Excellent for students, and pretty for anybody.

The Queen of the Harvest. Waltz. (New dance music).

C. Coote. 50

Has a rich, melodious introduction, followed by four waltzes and a Coda or Finale. The waltzes remind one of those of Strauss, which they resemble somewhat in style, and are very good.

La Favorita.

Franz Nava. 30

Potpourri from the above "favorite" opera. Not difficult. Good for learners who have just progressed beyond easy pieces.

Midnight Chimes. Morcean de Salon. Lindahl. 35

A pleasing and not difficult nocturne. Something in the style of "Monastery Bells."

Books.

THE CHERUB.—Songs for Sabbath Schools and Sabbath Evenings. By J. C. Johnson. Boards 25 Paper. 20

This new book, which, it is hoped, will be a great favorite with all who go to Sabbath Schools, and those who love to sing on Sabbath Evenings, contains a very few of those psalm tunes, which seem to be indispensable to the closing exercises of schools, and a great many new and bright hymns and melodies, songs, duets and choruses, of a style similar to that now so popular with young and old. Persons who have "sung out" the books now used in their schools and classes, are invited to try the sweet music of the Cherub.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

